Reap

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Reap

by black_dranzer_1119

Summary

Will wasn't always human; he didn't always feel, but now he is and he does and he must learn to deal with death from a whole new perspective.

Notes

Another part of my 100 word prompt series. Wow, up to 3 already. Anyway, I was kind of working on the idea before I started the prompt list, as I just wanted to try out a story where Will is the 'creature', though I am working on a story with Hannibal as one, which will be one of the next two I post. Hopefully.

The last twenty years have absolutely sucked. Sure those two major wars were busy, but he didn't have this problem then did he? He didn't *feel* anything. It wasn't his job to feel, or his job to care what happened to the things he was meant to transport. His job was to get whatever it was from destination A to destination B or C, though really, there isn't enough letters in the English alphabet to cover all the destinations and while numbers would work, they get tedious at about a million. He is just an overly glorified delivery man. Some call him death; some call him the Grimm Reaper; some call him an angel; some call him Thanatos or Ankou or Set (now that was an old one) or Pesta or Azrael… You get the point.

Of course none of these actually described what it was that he… or they… or we… (pronouns are so difficult) actually do, but they have enough of an idea that it is just a part of life. So why it was, some of the most stupid creations ever created are more accepting than the father of his latest client, (don't even ask, you wouldn't know it) is beyond him, but what he can say is that it turned him into a gooey, bloody, stinking pile of mush that is commonly referred to as a human and to top it off he has been given feels... feelings too.

Not just his either. Oh no, that would be too easy. No, rather than have to just deal with the chemical spasms in his newly acquired brain, he now has to deal with everyone else's. To get to the point, he was still expected to somehow do his job, so that ruled out his initial decision to live out his period of imposed isolation as a hermit. Thankfully that meant he still had some of his powers and so borrowing the names of the last two humans he delivered, he got the name William Graham and found himself a job as a homicide detective… and then left the field as soon as possible to pursue a more forensic approach and more importantly *academic* approach.

That, of course, ended rather abruptly with eigh-nine dead girls and ten bullets. He wasn't really thinking at the time he fired the weapon apart from the need to save Abigail and prevent one more life stolen. It doesn't work that way of course, life isn't *stolen* and he knows it doesn't work that way. He ***knows***.

It had just all gone downhill, from the moment he arrived at the house. For starters, they were expected and Garrett's wife was thrown out of the house, like so much garbage, her throat slashed and there was… he was used to seeing blood, but by the time he got there it was usually cold. It wasn't gushing over his hands, so sticky and warm and so much of it, but he couldn't save her, that was easy to see at least, but her fear. Even as he tried to save her, he couldn't help glancing at the door, knowing that he only had a few moments before there would be another bleeding body, if there wasn't already, but she clutched at his hands so tightly, trying to hold them there; trying to live. Her breath was wheezing at best and then it was over.

Bursting through the Hobb's home, Will's mind was buzzing with adrenaline, his mind still coming to terms with the blood on his hands, let alone his gun…

'Garrett Jacob Hobb's FBI.'

…his hands were shaking too hard to get proper aim.

Too late.

With one quick slice he slit his daughter's throat and Will fired, but as soon as Garrett Hobb's had recovered from the impact he was already getting into position to stab his daughter again and so Will fired again.

And again. And again; again; again; again; again; again; again.

Dropping to the ground, he tries to prevent more of that red liquid from pouring out of her neck, but it is too much. His head is too full. Abigail's fear, his own shock, Garrett's satisfaction… He can't breathe… or is it Abigail who can't breathe? They're dying and then Hannibal's hands are there, taking over; strong, steady fingers that were used to dealing with emergency situations.

Looking up, Will wanted to apologise for failing her, for failing him, but then his being caught awareness of Garrett Hobbs leaving, that they were there to collect him and take him to his destination. Will didn't notice his shaking had stopped.

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'Will, what did you see?'

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Standing in front of Hannibal's office door, Will knew that he couldn't delay this meeting, as much as he may want to. Even if he hadn't decided to go voluntarily, Alana and Jack would have caught up with him eventually, it was, after all, standard procedure after an agent has been involved in a deadly force encounter and as much as he respected Alana, he didn't know how he would go on working with her once she was given more access to what was in his head. Hannibal's question still rang in his ears though, so he was in no rush to hear it again.

'Will, what did you see?'

So he delayed and delayed, but now he was standing at the entrance to Hannibal's office and Will still had no good answer to give. Then the door opened and Hannibal was leaning out.

'Will, come in.'

'Thank you for agreeing to see me on such short notice Dr Lecter,' Will said as he followed the man into the room, though he found himself lingering near the door so as to feel closer to the exit in case he needed to escape. 'I guess you know why I'm here.'

'I do, though I did expect it would take a lot more effort for you to come see me. I am glad to be proven wrong,' Hannibal said, standing behind one of the chairs, his hands resting on the top of the back rest. It was…good; allowed Will to feel like he was able to leave if he wanted to. Of course he couldn't, but that was more to do with Jack than Hannibal. He was surprised when Hannibal went over to his desk, without a word to sign something.

'What's that?' Will said, unable to help himself.

‘Your psychological evaluation. You are totally functional and more or less sane; well done,’ Hannibal said and Will nearly gawped a him.

‘Did you just rubber stamp me?’ Will said incredulous.

‘Yes,’ Hannibal said with no shame what-so-ever. Will had thought Hannibal would be more professional than this, but apparently he wasn’t even going to feign it. ‘Now Jack can rest his weary head knowing that he didn’t break you and our conversation can proceed unobstructed by paperwork.’

‘That’s not the only reason, is it?’ Will said, looking up at the multitude of books on the shelves above them.

‘It depends on what you think our conversation would entail,’ Hannibal said, placing the sheet on ‘Will’s chair’ and once again retreated.

‘Touché,’ Will said and slowly walked over to the chair, Hannibal waiting until he was seated.

‘What did you see Will? What did you see when you let go of Abigail?’ Hannibal said, his voice kind though with the type of edge that people got whenever they got particularly interested in something.

‘I don’t know what you are talking about, I didn’t see *anything*,’ Will said, though he knew it was a pathetic attempt the moment he said it. ‘Okay, fine, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.’

‘It doesn’t matter what I believe, if you do, then that is enough for me,’ Hannibal said, his eyes focused on Will. Will truly hated being watched. ‘Though if it is easier, this could be an entirely hypothetical conversation.’ Hannibal’s eyes were intense, too intense and Will found himself standing up and half way to the door before he stopped and lifted his glasses to rub his eyes.

‘Fine, since you insist,’ Will said and turned around, his arms folded tightly across his chest and his eyes staring in the region of Hannibal’s… hair. ‘Hypothetically… Wait, what religion are you?’

‘It was a religious experience?’ Hannibal said and Will could sense the frown in his voice, though he didn’t look down to check.

‘Not exactly,’ Will said with dry laugh, though he guessed that humans would probably think of it that way.

‘Okay then, I am atheist,’ Hannibal said and to be honest, Will probably should have guessed that.

Right, there has been an increase of those in the last few decades, Will thought absently. He found it interesting that the more people learned the more they became closed off to different possibilities.

‘Yes, I believe there has been,’ Hannibal said and Will realised he had said that out loud, looking confused.

‘Sorry,’ Will said, ‘Okay then, hypothetically, what if wasn’t always… human?’

‘What would you be then? Hypothetically speaking of course,’ Hannibal said leaning forward and Will could guess at what he was thinking, though he was more than likely regretting that rubber stamp, which lay on Will’s lap.

‘Hypothetically, I-we-us… whatever, would go under many different names; for example, Grimm Reaper,’ Will said

‘A Grimm Reaper? An interesting hypothetical and if true, it would mean that you would be, in essence a component in the cycle of life and death,’ Hannibal said and Will had to credit him that he didn’t sound completely disbelieving.

‘More of an overly glorified delivery boy… hypothetically,’ Will said and sank down to the floor, his back pressed to the wall next to the door and drew his legs up to his chest, his arms wrapping around them.

‘Then why you fight so hard to prevent death? Surely on the basis of this hypothetical, death would be just as important as life?’ Hannibal said and Will had to wonder briefly at his tone, as though seeking reassurance.

‘Of course it is, but just because I value death does not mean that I devalue life… At least not anymore,’ Will said, his mind’s eye seeing Mrs Hobbs bleeding out at the entrance to her house.

‘Why is that?’ Hannibal said and Will couldn’t help, but laugh at the irony of him, of all things, trying to explain the value of a life.

‘Because I became one of you,’ Will said, forgoing all pretence now, it wasn’t like either of them was giving much credit to it anyway.

‘One of us?’ Hannibal said, crossing the room to stand closer to Will.

‘Human,’ Will said impatiently. ‘I didn’t want it either. I still don’t. This wasn’t meant to be so hard.’

‘How is it hard?’ Hannibal said, crouching down in front of him.

‘You know how I am. How I think and… *feel*,’ Will said, turning his head in his arms to make sure to keep Hannibal out of sight.

‘I do.’

‘Then how am I supposed to be okay when I feel them fight so hard to stay alive?’ Will said, his hands shoving the way through his hair. ‘And I have ***no*** idea what happens to them once they are delivered.’

‘I suppose you wouldn’t, if you only take them to their, metaphorical, door,’ Hannibal said, ‘still, it is your non acceptance which is causing you pain. Let it go.’

‘I can’t,’ Will said quietly.

‘Why is that?’ Hannibal said and from the light thump against the floor, he had probably sat down.

‘Because they haven’t,’ Will said, and stood up again, his back and hands pressing against the wall. Hannibal was too close.

‘I see,’ Hannibal said and Will could almost see Hannibal shift to face him as he walked further into the office. Pausing, Will laughed and turned around, though his eyes were well above where Hannibal’s head was.

‘I feel like I should apologise,’ Will said, smiling tightly.

‘Oh?’

‘One of the unfortunate side effects of being what I am prevents me from being able to distinguish the different flavours of food I eat. It all taste like death to me,’ Will said and there was a long pause.

‘Even the vegetables?’ Hannibal said, in a way that almost sounded childish.

‘Even the vegetables,’ Will said and tried to keep his smile apologetic rather than mischievous. ‘So I apologise for you spending so much time on the food you gave to me.’

‘Nonsense, it was no trouble. In any case, you don’t have anything preventing you from eating healthy,’ Hannibal said, though Will could tell he wasn’t as happy as he was trying to appear to be.

‘I guess that’s true, though I tend to avoid it,’ Will said with what was probably a nervous laugh.

‘Eating health?’ Hannibal said, before pausing, his head tilting to the side in consideration. ‘…Or eating?’

‘The latter,’ Will said, his arms folding even tighter across his chest. ‘I don’t spend much time around people and so people don’t really notice. Also, it’s not like people have a habit of going through my fridge or cupboards.’

‘But wouldn’t your, now human, form require sustenance to gain energy?’ Hannibal said and Will was starting to find it difficult to believe how well all this was being taken.

‘Apparently not,’ Will said and he surprised himself by sounding ***bitter***. ‘But then, I’m not entirely human, just enough to pass as one for the most part. Even a being as powerful as the one that changed me wasn’t powerful enough to completely change my nature and I think it was more focused on giving me *feelings* anyway.’

‘You didn’t have feelings before?’

‘No, but then that could just interfere with my job… is interfering with my job already,’ Will said, his voice cracking a little.

‘When you killed Garrett Jacob Hobbs?’ Hannibal said, his voice light and Will nodded, unable to voice that part of his response.

‘Th-that isn’t my job. I don’t ***take*** lives, I deliver souls,’ Will said and turned his back, walking around the room, seeing pages of pencil drawings on a desk, though he couldn’t quite make out what they were of and a pencil and scalpel beside them.

‘I think I shall go and make some tea, would you like anything Will?’ Hannibal said, but Will just shook his head, looking around at the books. He couldn’t believe he was just blurting all this out, but for so long he had wanted to talk about this and Hannibal ***listened*** and didn’t judge… or didn’t seem to. He hadn’t really had a chance to digest anything Will had told him yet.

All of a sudden he felt a slight shove and he nearly stumbled into the book case, his back momentarily itchy, but when he reached back to scratch it, his arm bumped into Hannibal, who had somehow managed to get behind him without Will noticing. He was usually better at paying attention than that. Turning his head, his thoughts scattered as his eyes instantly caught Hannibal’s usually blank eyes, only to find them filled with something that Will never wanted to see directed at him, fear.

‘I’m sorry Hannibal. I guess people aren’t meant to have this knowledge,’ Will said softly, pain beginning to well up like tiny paper cuts, the sting growing sharper with every moment.

‘Then why have you chosen to tell me?’ Hannibal said, stepping away, though Will noticed that he kept his arms behind his back.

‘I don’t know,’ Will said honestly, ‘but if not you, then who?’

‘Do you think you will be the one to deliver me?’ Hannibal said, ignoring the question.

‘I don’t know, I guess it will depend where and what I am when it happens,’ Will said and shuffled awkwardly. It wasn’t like he hadn’t thought about it, but it was still a difficult idea to work his mind around. ‘I think I should leave.’

‘Yes, that would be best,’ Hannibal said and Will moved out from his position between Hannibal and the book case and began to walk towards the door. ‘And Will?’ He paused, though he didn’t look back. ‘I will get used to this and when I do, things will be better, I promise you that.’

‘Thank you, Dr Lecter,’ Will said and left.

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The dogs, such loyal and beautiful creatures and so much like the creatures who protected him when he made deliveries, bounded up to greet him when he came home, and for at least

half-an-hour he just spent on the floor with them. It was then that he realised that they were probably hungry and so he went to go and prepare their dinner for them. It was getting late, so Will didn't think much of going to get changed for bed, probably take the dogs out to do their business afterwards, so they didn't mess up the house.

His eyes caught something strange; however, as he took off his shirt, though his brain didn't fully catch it until he looked closer. Across the back of his shirt was a small, neat slice of a blade. His first instinct was to poke his finger through it to prove it was there and then he remembered how close Hannibal had been standing about the time he had stumbled.

'Well this is awkward.'

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